## A QUESTION ABOUT Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

sind known to be proposed in the assertion ading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion hat there are more preparations of iron than of any their substance used in medicine. This shows containing that iron is acknowledged to be the most upportant factor in successful medical practice. It is, necessary a remarkable fact, that prior to the discovery of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS to perfect a catalactury iron construction had ever been found. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS dies med in produce constipation—all other from de. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS greaten. Billionsuces, Weakness.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, hor care in OR STREET TAKE NO OTHER.

## The Reason Why

while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calc mel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States. where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various rem-edies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, Stomach and Bowel Complaints are the most prevalent.

### Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

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READ ADVERTISEMENT.

## SEEN IN A DREAM.

The Story of Two Lovers Who Were United in Death-The Organist and His Bride That Never Was.

Floated Out Over the Lake That Moonlight Night - Was It Joy or Grief That Killed Him?

to this day the wonderful tale has lingered among the shadowy recesses of my mind, like some sweet, sail memory in which triends At times as I have turned the incidents two hearts. fancies of sleep told it to me:

raine. Not more certain were the feet of her companions, the mountain goats, than were hers, and she lived a life of which we in the crowded cities of the new world can have no conception. Her play-fellows were the symphonies of the winds, as they blew in resonant diamasons about the clifs, and ther former symbous self. the symphomies of the winds, as they been in resonant diapasons about the cliffs, and her former sunbeam self.

No matter how it came about. You know from the earth. As I saw her and knew her in that life-time of dream, she was the fairest creature I ever saw or hope to see.

The simple village in which her father was a dignitary, nestled on the side of the was consigning to the flames of the forever. fairest creature I ever saw or hope to see.

simple flowers; its gently pretentions church in the center of the place, with its upward-pointing spire, surmounted by a gleaming bride. in the center of the place, with its upwardpointing spire, surmounted by a gleaming
cross of beaten gold. This church, mossgrown and ivy-clad, was the seene of the
joy and tragedy of this story. I can close
my eyes as I write and see Marie, flitting
among the grave stones in the church yard,
tenderly lifting a broken flower here, not
more fair than she, pausing there
to brush away the web of the
mountain-fly from a marble slab, no purer
in color than her life and thoughts. I can
see her with her little frilled cap, beneath
which the amber i locks were peening, her which the amber locks were peeping, her modest gray gown, puffed at the shoulders, and reaching only to the ankles; her little and reaching only to the ankles; her little slippers, with the immense rosettes worn in that country; her soft, blue, innocent eyes, that country; her soft, blue, innocent eyes, a universe of sorrow was soon to leave its of record of sorrow. I can hear her humming snatches of mountain songs and jodels;

a child of a dream, a creature of a fancy, the one woman whom I might have learned to love had I been—the other principal in to love had I been—the other principal in this story.

To live so high above the rushing, wicked world below—so near to the work-shop of God—and not to love, were impossible. This pure, gentle girl, loved with all the fervor and passion of her sorrowless innocence. Scarce more than a boy it was to whom she had given the jewel of her heart. Pierre was a shepherd, and tended his flocks on the mountain—a hardy, vigorous youth, with a gentle heart and the

comfortable platitudes.
It was the old story over again. She was the shadow of the spire. Pierre was per-haps below her station in life, yet she loved him, as girls will—loved him for his soul and the story of his soul as he told it in the rich harmonies that were born beneath his shrieks as she feels its icy coldness. tingers. She thought that she sinned in loving Pierre against her father's orders, but loved on and sighed at her sin—as girls will. She was forbidden even to see him, and yet she often nestled in his arms and

lay her soft cheek against his sun-burnt one the billows. as girls will.

Perhaps my sketch is conventional in pocket a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. certain details, but then my dream was, Ordinary people live ordinary lives, but they often die remarkable deaths. stranger from a distant land strayed into the church one Sabbath and heard Pierre play, the mighty possibilities of the man. He knew he was listening to a master. He knew that study and training would make the organist a revelation to the musical world. He wept and laughed at his weak-ness and had an interview with Pierre after the service. The stranger was rich and knew money in its true value-its pur-

chasing power. It took but an hour to arrange matters. At the end of that time it range matters. At the end of that time it was settled that Pierre was to go to the university at Munich to study under a master. In that hour his soul was consecrated and baptised to the priesthood in the mighty creed and religion of music. He saw that it would make Marie a possibility instead of I will not intrude upon the sacredness of

a chimera to him. that parting. It was at night when they saw each other for the last—the very last time. Their parting was the cold simplici-ty of agony and wring hearts. He held her to his breast and swore he would not, could not go. The moon hung above like a great globe of molten silver, and mountain and valley were bathed in its argent smile.

in the sight of the gleaming shaft above the grave of her dead mother. They were behearts: they loved all over again in that long short instant of exquisite anguish. Then he released her from his arms.

They parted. He stepped into his boat and puddled dowly across the little lake that separated their homes. The girl bowed her dry, parched eyes on the church steps and prayed in spirit rather than word. When the bost reached the center of the little lake, which was now all agleam with light, he Grief That Killed Him?

I dreamed the story that I am about to left dreamed it with a vividness of detail of which I am powerless to give my readers followed by the lam powerless to give my readers of the lam powerless to give my readers of the lam powerless to give my readers of the lam powerless to give my readers. The property of the lam powerless to give my readers of the lam powerless to give my readers of the lam powerless to give my readers. The property of the lam powerless to give my readers of the lam powerless to give my readers. a faint idea. It was three years ago, and for all time to come. The girl lifted her died away in a gentle sigh of melody; the like some sweet, sail memory in which triends moon sank out of sight behind a cruzcy dear to me played the roles of principals, peak, and the light went out of the lives of

over and over in my brain and pondered Parental interest in this age is too often upon their strange relations and their bitter a synonym for parental villainy. Even it this pure mountain village human nature that it was a dream, and been haif con-vinced that some time, perhaps in that other previous existence which evolution— musical institute and the superscription of ists hint at, I had taken part in this drama. Marie's name in a cramped, painful, on-of two darkened lives. But I think it was sightly hand; but a hand at which the giri's a dream, and that in a few seconds of rest-less sleep there has passed before my vision two life times of love and sorrow and agesty. Let me try to tell the story as the ancies of sleep told it to me:

Marie was a mountain girl—a sweet, genmess that makes the female form akin to the child of the lofty peaks of Alsace-Lo-poems." That she climbed no more the raine. Not more certain were the feet of rocks after the edelweiss flower, and panted

m resonant diapasons about the clais, and at eve she looked on sunsets the glories of which told of the magic of an Omnipotent Artist, whose palette was the mighty intensities of mountainous space, and whose colors were the blue and gray and gold and to the claim of the claim o amber of the dying day. The child grew up in the unspeakable purity of the mountain air and her soul was as spotless as the blue over her home. Her bade made in gala attire and all abloom with flowers. tain air and her soil was as spotless as the in gata airre and air addon with nowless blue over her home. Her body was not less beautiful, for she was lithe and clean-timbed as a gazelle. A wealth of bright matter who the bridegroom was poor clod. less beautiful, for she was lithe and clean-limbed as a gazelle. A wealth of bright hair like sun-light spun, crowned her head. Her eyes were fragments twin and twain of the azure curtain that shut out the heavens tude. He had not caressed her or forced

was a dignitary, nestled on the side of the mountain, and overlooked a gentle valley below. It was a characteristic old world village. It never progressed: its legen's dealt with centuries as lightly and familiarly as we talk of days. It was the seen of sweet, pure, simulerous life. I can see this village, but I cannot 'describe it amnutely—its white, thatched cottages; itsone long, rambling street in hesitating curves; a grass-grown street, in which the bells of went to the church—a pure lamb led to a grass-grown street, in which the bells of the straying sheep often made undisturbed melody: its odorous gardens breathing with simple flowers its aparts are street, and the church—a pure lamb led to shopes.

hopes,
The village was all there—eager, expectant, aglow with love for its idol, the little

the development of a lifethe music told of the awakening into life's fulfillment—love that country, her sort, once moved every mouth, her baby face, on which a universe of sorrow was soon to leave its of a ruined life. Then a ruined life. The mighty resort of sorrow. I can near ner numining in mighty pictures of harmony over the can recall the joyousness, the sweetness of keys—it told of blood and storm and wreck and carnage. I listened to that awful music—I heard the clash of weapons, cries of pain, the bursting of thunder and the fearful concatenation of terrors that stand

shocks on the mountain—a hardy, vigorous youth, with a gentle heart and the frame of an Apollo. His soul had been enkindled by one great gift—music. He had the fire and genus of a master. He was the marvel of the mountain. His fine eye, his erect head, his frank face, showed what music had done for him—it had made a nobleman of him. He played the pipeorgan at the little church, the organ which had been the gift of a dying burgomaster a quarter of a century ago. He played it as it was never played by any other, and the great pipes on Sabbath preached a more powerful sermon than did the little surpliced priest, with his drowsy Latin and

powerful serious than the time and agitated silver surface. She hears the tune comfortable platitudes. A moment of dumb, mute insensibility, It was the old story over again. She was
the child of a dignitary, Pierre a poor shepherd. The girl's father, as girls' fathers
will, had "other views" for her. Her
mother slept the sweet, eternal slumber in
from her head and trampled them under from her head and trampled them under foot. Like a maddened bird she flies up the stone steps to the organ loft.

"Pierre! Pierre!" she cries, and clasps him in her arms. She kisses his face, and The organist is dead.

"Have you your life preserver?" she timidly inquired, looking trustfully into the face of her lover, as the little craft in which they were seated skimmed gracefully over "Oh, yes," he answered merrily; "see here," and he drew from his side

but Jesse Darlington was killed by a train A near Washington C. H., O.

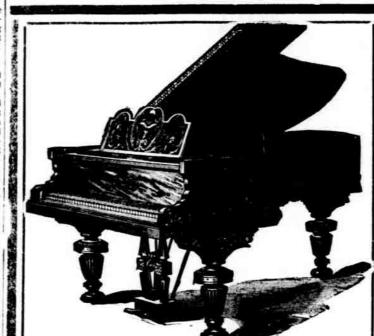
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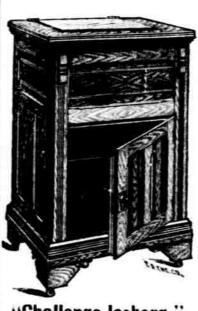
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